

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

NO. 22.

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VOL 1.

Poetry.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another,
And the longest walk is ended;
One stitch and then another,
And the largest rent is mended;
One brick upon another,
And the highest wall is made;
One flake upon another,
And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers,
By their slow but constant motion,
Have built those pretty islands
In the distant dark blue ocean;
And the noblest undertakings
Man's wisdom hath conceived
By oft repeated efforts
Have been patiently received.

—Selected.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Voices from Nature.

THE OLD TEACHER'S GRAVE.

WITH joy in his heart, a song on his lips, and the bright morning sun of the month of May above him, traveled a young man along the road. His light step, not encumbered by the small bundle he carried under his arm, took him over the mountains to the place of his destination. Well might he be merry. Had he not just come out with honors from his examination? Had he not the appointment as a teacher, in that quiet village-yonder, in his pocket? Had he not, good son, that he was, the means in his hands now to repay his old widowed mother, in his own new home, for the years of toil and affectionate care she had gone through for his sake? Well may he be excused, when his hopeful heart bounded forward in the future, and imagination held out to him pictures of glory and fame, to which his intelligence, integrity and noble soul entitled him, more, perhaps, than many others.

A turn of the road and he saw his future field of labor before him. He stops, looks at the peaceful village in the valley,—but let us not unveil the thoughts of his heart, for there are moments in which it becomes a sanctuary of the Most High; but behold him kneeling down, and in silent prayer speaking to Him, who had been the friend of the fatherless boy from childhood. When he arose, his eye fell upon a little violet growing on the very spot on which he had been praying. "My calling, the spirit of my calling, thou hast shown unto me, a Father," he exclaimed, "By this voice from nature Thou hast commanded me to labor in simplicity and truth, and I will keep this little violet as a token of a holy covenant with Thee to work for Thee and not for the praise of man." He put in his Bible his new found treasure and entered the village, where he was cordially received by the people and soon entered upon the duties of his office.

When a child I had often heard my father speak with such affection and feeling of his former teacher, and I felt quite delighted when one day I was invited to accompany him to his native village, to witness the celebration of the fifty years' jubilee of his old teacher. In entering the main street of the place, we were struck with the festive appearance of everything and everybody. A band of music was marching up to the school house, also the teacher's residence, which was decorated with garlands and a beautiful festoon in front of the door, before which the inhabitants of this and the surrounding villages were forming into procession. At once the bells of the church began to ring, and the committee of arrangements, preceded by twelve little

girls in white, strewing flowers, escorted the venerable teacher, followed by an immense train of people, to church. The old gentleman was seated during the service in an arm chair near the altar, holding in his hand an old Bible, once in a while pressing a little folded paper to his lips, and tears rolling all the while down his cheeks. I could see him plainly, and never in my life will I forget his venerable countenance with the few locks of silvery hair, combed carefully behind his ears. When the minister, in his address, alluded to the fact that three generations had almost passed away since this faithful laborer in the Lord's vineyard had begun to be their teacher, friend and benefactor, the congregation were melted to tears, but when, after that, a high official of the government decorated him in the name of the king with a silver medal for faithful service, he arose and thanking, in a few deep feeling words, all for the expression of their love, he broke out into a flood of tears, and retired amidst the blessings of the people to his home, where love and gratitude had provided a sumptuous dinner for him and invited guests.

In the evening, while the whole village was in a great state of jollification in honor of their beloved teacher, the old gentleman himself sat in his little study in company with my father, and I was honored to be present. Here he related the incidents that had happened that same day just fifty years before, as already related. How my whole being drank in every word he said; and although my childish heart could not comprehend all at once, his words lay like seed in my soul to germinate there in its time and season. But when in the course of conversation he opened that little folded paper, and showed to us the remnants of a little violet, carefully pasted on to it to preserve it, I understood more words could have explained. *That man had kept his covenant.* What was all the praise of the multitude, what was the king's medal in comparison with the testimony that little violet bore in his behalf! When he unfolded the paper to our view, he appeared to grow taller, the weakness of age seemed to leave him, and he exclaimed; "The glory of a crown could not outweigh my happiness. My name may not have gone far beyond our parish, and may be forgotten when I am gone, but what I have planted in my Father's name will grow until the great harvest day!" That evening I went home with the deep conviction that I had been in the presence of a greater man than the king himself.

Sixteen years after, about the same time of the year, I again found myself in that village, but the old school house had given way for a new and larger one, and I knew already that the old teacher slept for the last ten years in the quiet church-yard opposite the road. Thence I directed my steps, and beneath the branches of a large box-elder tree, indicated by a little cross bearing his name, close to the wall of the church, I found the grave of the great and good man, who had faithfully stood to his post until the Lord called him away. I was a teacher myself now, and when I remembered the evening of his jubilee, his story and his violet, it seemed to me, as if I had seen, once in my life, a messenger from heaven, who told me my duty. Whose angel hand had planted the violets at the head of the grave I know not, but there they are, and to me the mausoleum of an emperor sinks into insignificance before the glorious meaning of those little flowers on the old teacher's grave. I plucked one. I deemed it sacrifice, but may the thoughts and feelings that swelled my heart there, green and blossom forever in my soul. And when in after life I went through bitter trials, when temptation was held out to me to desert my holy calling for mere lucrative positions, when people frowned down upon me and my calling, when often, I found nowhere encouragement but in my own heart, then I remembered with hope and confidence the little violets that grew on the old teacher's grave.

K. G. M.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE INCIDENTS, FOR LITTLE READERS.

[CONCLUDED.]

THERE were about two hundred families in Adam-on-di-Ahman, (the name of our new city in Daviess county,) and we had only ten days given us, in which to remove to Caldwell; during that ten days, a militia guard was appointed to protect us, but if we did not get out of the county in that time, we were to be left to the mercy of a reckless mob, that had sworn to destroy us. This was short notice for people who were settled, as they supposed, for life, and especially for those who had sold their teams and wagons to purchase land. The most of them were poor, and had no means to help themselves; but this made no difference—the order was for us to go, and go we must; and we could not sell anything, because they knew that we should leave what we could not take.

My father had more means than many others, and kindly offered to assist several families that were destitute; saying that if there should be difficulty, he would meet it himself, rather than leave helpless ones to encounter it, and the time was spent in moving them, so that we did not start till the morning of the tenth day. My father had purchased hundreds of bushels of grain which he had to leave, as well as houses, lands and other property.

It was a very cold day in the month of December when we left our home, in accordance with the order of the Governor, to go to Caldwell county and stop till spring, and then leave the State. The Grand river, which we crossed soon after leaving Adam-on-di-Ahman, was frozen hard enough to bear heavily loaded wagons.

After assisting to put the beds and cooking utensils into the wagon, I started on foot, ahead of the teams, for I was too cold to ride, and wished to warm myself by the exercise of walking. Just after I crossed the river, I met one of the militia, who, addressing me in a sarcastic manner, said, "I think this will cure you of your faith." I felt a little indignant, for I thought it was quite enough, in a land where religious liberty was the people's boast, to be deprived of my home, and be obliged to seek one in the midst of winter, without being tantalized for it, by the very men whose business should have been to protect us in our lawful rights; and, feeling the blood of an American citizen stirring in my veins, I looked the man in the eye, and replied, "No, sir, it will take more than this to destroy my faith." His countenance fell, and he looked like a culprit, as he said, "Well, I must confess, you are a better soldier than I am"—and hurried on.

We were two days journeying from Adam-on-di-Ahman to Far West. We stopped over night at what was called the "half-way house," the only house between the two places, a distance of nearly thirty miles. This house was built by the father of brother L. O. Littlefield of this city, and he had been obliged to leave it with his family, at the time of the rising of the mob. It was made of round logs, notched at the corners, which left open spaces, the whole length of the logs—these spaces had been closed with chinkings fastened up with wooden pins.

I will now describe the house as we found it. It was small—all in one room—the chinkings were all taken out, probably to kindle fires for those who left before we did; and the openings between the logs were wide enough for large cats to crawl through—the sleepers over head remained, with only one single plank of the chamber floor. There was no chimney, except a back, four or five feet in height, (I do not recollect whether of mud or stone) with nothing above, but the logs that formed that side of the building. Many had arrived at this stopping place before us—a good fire

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was burning on one side, and the winter winds were freely blowing in from every other direction.

After our arrival, having passed the cordial greetings peculiar to the saints of the Most High, our first business was to get our suppers, and this required a good deal of contrivance. The food we had cooked for the journey was all frozen. Our bread was solid as ice, and the house was so thickly crowded that it was impossible to get to the fire to thaw it. But we were not long before we hit upon a plan. My brother milked the cows—one of us held a pan, while another strained the milk—some held the dishes, while others sliced the bread very thinly into it, so that the warmth of the milk might thaw the frozen bread. All this was done in a standing position, for we had no chairs, and no place to put them. But as awkward as our position was, we relished our suppers, not having eaten anything after an early, hasty breakfast.

We were not the first to arrive, and we were not the last. By bed-time, our company numbered seventy-five. But what was bed-time to us, in that place? There was not room for us all to sit. But, my young friends, if you have not learned, you will yet learn, that the Saints are a great people for expedients. There was a small horse-shed a few rods from the house, and in the course of the evening, some of the brethren built a large blazing fire in the center of the shed, and as many as could, stood around it, singing psalms, hymns and songs—roasting potatoes and parching corn all night, and a more happy crowd and a more merry time, have seldom been witnessed. After so many of the men withdrew to the horse-shed, we were not so much crowded in the house, and we so managed, that the most aged and infirm could lie down, while the rest of us sat up all night, and so thickly were we stowed together that one could not move without disturbing somebody else. One brother, feeling the need of a little rest, and not being included in the list of either the aged or infirm, mounted the sleepers over-head, and stretched himself on the solitary plank. He might have rested, but as for sleeping, we dare not let him sleep for fear he would lose his balance on the plank, and fall and crush those below him, and we kept jogging his memory till morning. When morning came we were, all but breakfasting, ready for the start; for, while the fire, which was kept briskly burning, was scorching one side, the northern blast was blowing on the other, and we had to be all night as much wrapped in our cloaks as when on the journey.

The next day we went to Far West. We had friends there, for wherever the Saints of God were, we had friends; but, my dear young readers, we had no homes to go to; but God, who always assists those who put their trust in Him, opened a way for us to obtain an abiding place for the winter, and early in the spring, we left the State of Missouri and settled in Illinois.

These, my young friends, are a very few incidents in our past experience—an experience which is of far more value than all the gold on this earth, for gold can never purchase confidence and trust in God. We know that God has preserved us thus far—we know that He will preserve us, and we have no fear for the future.

E. R. S.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

LITTLE GEORGE AT A FUNERAL.

A TRUE STORY.

The remains of the cripple-boy had to be buried at three o'clock in the afternoon. After dinner the boys who wanted to see the corpse could do so by going to the dead-house. The school was not kept that afternoon, that all the boys might go to the funeral.

Little George had never seen a dead person, and he felt that he would be very much afraid to look at one. Still he could not be satisfied unless he did go and look once more upon the face of the kind-hearted little cripple.

The grave yard and dead-house were near by the chapel. Whenever any person died in the poor house, they were immediately removed to the dead-house, and there they were prepared for the grave.

Little George went to see the body of his friend, in company with some other boys who were going to see

him; for the little cripple was a general favorite with nearly all the boys, and they felt sad at his death. The dead-house door was open, and the grave digger had just got through digging the grave, and was ready to nail the coffin lid. The boys all stood around the coffin, which was lying on a bier ready to be taken to the grave. The old school teacher was there to take a last look at his little, patient, suffering pupil. He stood in silence at the head of the body; deep sighs heaved his generous breast, and tear-drops fell from beneath his big-eyed spectacles.

The dead body was dressed in a long white night gown, and the inside of the coffin was lined with the same kind of material; and some friend had scattered some half-faded flowers over his remains.

Little George stood near to the old school teacher, and gazed upon the thin, white, lifeless face of the corpse. He was not afraid, but thought that his little friend slept very soundly; and he had an idea that he must feel very happy, for his face had a very happy expression. He thought that it must be a very fine thing to die, and never be hungry again; nor sick, nor sleepy, nor tired, nor cold, and to be always dressed in white; and, besides, the old nurse dare not speak cross to him now, and beat him about. Instead of feeling sorry for the dead cripple-boy, little George could see that he was better off to be dead than to be living, and felt, just then, that he would not mind if he were dead too.

While these thoughts were passing through his mind, as he stood gazing upon the lifeless form before him, the grave digger placed a lid on the coffin, and commenced to nail it down. This operation made all the advantages of being dead vanish at once from little George's mind, and he felt that if he were to be nailed down in that way he should certainly smother. He preferred to be permitted to breathe the open air, and to see the glorious sunshine, the trees and flowers, and the birds, and the moon and the stars and all the glories of nature, rather than to be shut up in a coffin and buried in a hole in the ground.

The coffin was carried to the edge of the grave, followed by the old school teacher, who held little George by the hand, and also by the rest of the school, and some men and women who were acquainted with the little cripple. The old nurse was among them. The minister clothed in a black robe and a book in his hand, was already at the grave. The coffin was let down into the grave while the minister was reading out of the book which he held in his hand, and some of the people around the grave took handfuls of dirt and threw on the coffin.

Little George did not understand this, for it appeared to him that they were in a great hurry to get his little friend buried up out of sight, and he would not throw any dirt on the coffin.

His attention was so fixed on what they did with the coffin, that he did not notice what the minister was saying. It is written in the Bible, "And all flesh shall perish together, and man shall turn again into dust." Therefore the minister, when he was reading the burial service over the dead boy, said in one part of it, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," and while he was saying this the people took up handfuls of earth and threw on the coffin. This practice is sectarian, and customary when they bury the dead in that country. When we bury our dead, we do not follow that practice.

They stayed by the grave until the coffin was entirely buried up, when the old school teacher took little George by the hand, and mournfully left the cripple to sleep his long sleep, and moulder to ashes, there to lie until the trump of God shall sound, and the grave give up its dead.

The school teacher told little George that his dead friend had no father nor mother that he knew of; that when he was a very little baby he was left by some one at the outside of the big gate. The porter heard something crying, and when he opened the gate he found an infant wrapped up in some rags. He was a sickly child, and through neglect in nursing, received his cripple form; "but now he is gone to his Father in heaven, and all his earthly pains and sorrows are at an end forever."

UNCLE GEORGE.

GOSSIP.—It takes a crow to find carrion; a clean bird never picks it up.

For the Juvenile Instructor.
OUR PROSPERITY—MILITARY PARADES.

Not many of the readers of the INSTRUCTOR understand the strength and importance of those who constitute and represent the Church of God in the Territory of Utah. We have somewhere near one hundred and fifty cities and towns in the Territory, inhabited by a happy and prosperous people. Great Salt Lake City is the largest of the places. Logan, Ogden, Provo, St. George, Fillmore, Ephraim, Mount Pleasant, Brigham City, Wellsville, Paris, St. Charles, with others, are also large and thriving cities. The people of the different settlements are striving to build and beautify their several places, by putting up good public and private buildings, also walls, fences, setting out fruit and shade trees, etc.

A very excellent feature of our people, is their united, temperate and industrious habits. Exhibitions of drunkenness and profanity are so rare amongst the permanent citizens of the State, that the unprejudiced moral sojourner, who is no "Mormon," is struck with astonishment and admiration. Our union, demonstrated in all our political and social movements, is another evidence of our great power and strength.

These things Satan fears and dreads. Those of my readers who were at the military parade and review—Camp-Wasatch—must have noticed the absence of profanity and intemperance, and the unity of action and the good feeling that was everywhere so apparent. God loves and sustains all those who strive to promote a state of things like this. He also gives us every encouragement to do so, and assists us by His Holy Spirit in accomplishing every good intent and enterprise.

Speaking of military parades, etc., I am reminded of the last one I attended—when but a boy—in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. Only a few of the officers present were uniformed. The men appeared in many kinds of shabby dress: many had corn stalks, sticks and clubs in the place of guns and swords. I well remember the hideous yells and noises made by some of the men during the day. On the appearance of a Brigadier General, dirt sticks and some stones were thrown at him and his horse; some few shots were fired at him also. Many of the militia seemed to be devoid of self-respect, and consequently could not extend that which they did not themselves possess to one of their generals, and he was forced to leave the field. Fighting, drunkenness and profanity seemed to be the order of the day. It is a state of things like unto this, that the "Regenerators" of this city desire to establish on our race and parade grounds and in our great metropolis.

For elders, fathers and mothers to be united with our beloved President and the priesthood, and for children to love and be obedient to their parents, is very desirable. We have already obtained fame for these and other characteristics.

In alluding to the influence of children with their parents, I am reminded of an anecdote of a little boy, whose good advice resulted in much benefit to his father. The little boy's father was a farmer, and in order to get his grain harvested with the least possible expense, he proposed to each of his hands, that if they would do without whisky during harvest time (for it must be understood that in many farming districts in America and Europe it is the custom of farmers to furnish their hands with spirits during harvest and hay-making) he would give each a sheep. The son, a lad of some seven summers, who heard the proposition, which was accepted by all the men, said "father, may I have a sheep also?" "Yes, my son," was the reply. The boy hesitating for a few minutes, then propounded the following question: "Father, if the hands are willing to do without whisky during harvest time for the consideration of a single sheep apiece, how many sheep would you take to stop using spirits altogether? The remark, coming from so innocent and loving a source, was very cutting, while it had its wholesome effect. The parent had the good sense to say, amen; I will hereafter be temperate.

The prayer of the writer is that we, as a people, and individuals, may become more famous for good works, and thus increase in favor with our Maker, who is the Great Author of all good.

A. M. M.

G. S. L. CITY, Nov. 3rd., 1866.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

NOVEMBER 15, 1866.

OUR IDEAS.

THE First Volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR is approaching its end, and by the time this number reaches our subscribers it will doubtless be completed. This, therefore, we think a suitable time to call the attention of our patrons to the propriety of renewing their subscriptions for the coming year. We desire to see for the subscription list very much enlarged for the Second Volume. Many who felt indifferent respecting the paper when first issued, not knowing what its character would be, have since had the opportunity of judging of its merits. They now can judge whether it is such a paper as they can safely purchase for their children to read, or not. During the coming year we hope to remedy the complaint which has been made respecting the irregularity with which the present volume has been issued. We have made arrangements which we think will be sufficient to insure punctuality in the future. In other respects we believe that the verdict of its readers is in its favor.

It is our aim to make the INSTRUCTOR a paper that will be a welcome visitor in every household. We shall gladly accept any suggestion that our friends may make to improve its matter and style and to make it a means of greater benefit to the children. All reflecting persons admit the necessity there is for a publication especially devoted to the young. In this country, however, we labor under many disadvantages in publishing a paper of this kind. We do not have the funds of a society to sustain us in such a work. Papers for children are furnished in the East at a mere nominal price. They are published by societies who receive very liberal donations from various persons. They have plenty of funds to carry on the business of publication, and they have so large a circulation for their papers, that, with the aid of their donations, they can afford them at a very low price. This is the reason why so small a sum is charged for children's papers published in the East and in Europe. If our children are taught, we must teach them; no society will do it for us, at least, as we want them taught. If we ever have a paper suited to our tastes, and adapted to the comprehensions of our children, we must publish it ourselves, and, of course, must expect to pay for it.

We have heard of some comparisons being made between the price charged for the INSTRUCTOR and the price usually charged for children's papers elsewhere. We hope that our explanations on this point will obviate the necessity of similar comparisons being made in the future. We can use food, clothing, furniture and other articles manufactured abroad, without injury therefrom; but there is a kind of literature published outside of our Territory that would be dear at any price. If such publications were furnished us free, we could not, as far as we, individually, are concerned, permit our children to read them. After we have arrived at our present point of advancement, we think it would be decidedly unwise for us to depend upon outsiders to furnish us with published ideas. The Home manufactured article is what we now need in literature, especially that intended for our children, even if we have to pay more for it than we have to pay for literature published abroad.

AN ACROSTIC AND ANSWERS FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.

THE following is an Acrostic from the Book of Mormon, published in No. 19 of the INSTRUCTOR. We attach the answers, so that our readers can look in the Book of Mormon and read them for themselves.

1. Find the name by which the Nephites called the land where Jesus first appeared on this continent after his crucifixion.

(1.) Bountiful. Book of Mormon, pages 455 and 456.
(2.) Of a grandson of Lehi, who took charge of the scattered plates after the death of his father.

(2.) Enos, who took them from his father Jacob. Page 123.

3. Of the most faithful of Lehi's sons and first king of the Nephites.

(3.) Nephi. Page 115.

4. Of another of Lehi's sons, who took charge of the plates on the death of Nephi.

(4.) Jacob. Page 114.

5. Of a mighty prophet and leader of the Nephites whom the Lord took as he did Moses.

(5.) Alma. Page 333.

6. Of the last of the Nephite prophets who hid the records in the earth.

(6.) Moroni. Page 561.

7. Of one of the apostles chosen by Jesus from the Nephites.

(7.) Isaiah. Page 472.

8. Of a great prophet at the time of Jesus' coming, the first whom he chose to be an apostle.

(8.) Nephi. Page 472.

The first letters of these names, acrostically arranged, will give the name of a great and good king of the Nephites, who called all the people together before his death and preached them the gospel.

BENJAMIN. Page 146.

CATECHISM FOR OUR JUVENILES.

The following questions were inserted in No. 19 of the INSTRUCTOR, for our little readers to answer from the Biography of JOSEPH SMITH. We now insert the questions again with the answers.

1. When and where was the Prophet Joseph Smith born?

Sharon, Windsor County, State of Vermont, 23rd of December, 1805.

2. What were his father's and mother's names?

Joseph and Lucy Smith.

3. How old was he when he went to the Lord to ask him which of the sects was right, and what year did it occur in?

In his fifteenth year. In the spring of 1820.

4. Whom do we suppose he saw in vision on that occasion?

God our Heavenly Father, and his son, Jesus Christ.

5. At what time did he seek the Lord again, when an angel appeared unto him?

On the 21st September, 1823, when he was seventeen years old.

6. How many visits did the angel make to him that night?

Three.

7. On what day, month and year did Joseph first visit Cumorah and meet the angel there who showed him the plates on which the Book of Mormon was written?

22nd September, 1823, the next day after he had seen the angel.

8. How many times did Joseph meet the angel there before he received the plates?

On the 22nd of September of each year until 1827.

9. On what day and year were the plates delivered to him?

22nd September, 1827.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A prophet who lived between 300 and 400 years before Christ.

2. A Greek term often applied to our Savior.

3. The strongest of men.

4. A city of Og, king of Bashan.

5. A sect of the Jews who did not believe in the resurrection.

The initial, or first letters, will give the name of one of the greatest prophets and lawgivers to Israel; the finals, or last letters, read backwards, will give the name of the place where the Lord revealed to him much of His will.

HERE are eight Bible questions; who of our JUVENILES can answer them?

1. Upon what mountain did Noah's ark rest after the flood?

2. From what mountain did Moses see a land he never entered?

3. What mountain was famous for its cedar trees?

4. To what mountain did Jacob flee when he fled from the house of Laban?

5. From what mountain did Jesus ascend into heaven?

6. Upon what mountain did God descend and speak with Moses?

7. From what mountain did Barak descend to give battle to Sisera?

8. In what mountain did Esau dwell?

ONE of our city Bishops has a son named George, who, though a little boy, makes some very bright replies occasionally. During the summer, the family cook stove was in the basement of the house, and one day George was found by his aunt very busily engaged in trying to stew some currants on it. She wanted

to know of him who told him to stew them. He said that he had heard his Pa say that it was not right to wait to be commanded in all things, for those who did so should not receive any reward. Quite a new application of this doctrine!

For the Juvenile Instructor.
BOYS AT PLAY.

It is interesting to watch a number of boys at play, when they are good-natured and kind with each other; but when they are cross, or ill-natured, and disobliging to one another, it is painful to be near them. This thought recalls an incident in early life, which may interest our JUVENILES.

One day a party of boys went to a mountain, near to where they lived, and commenced playing. After climbing trees—in doing which they sometimes tore their clothes and thereby gave their mothers more labor and caused their fathers more expense—after swinging on boughs and playing at leap-frog, they commenced jumping off a high rock. Their play was very rough, and several of them got hurt. One boy in jumping off the rock, sprained his ankle; and when they tried jumping off a higher rock, he could not do it, his ankle gave him so much pain. He cried bitterly, because he could not do as the other boys were doing, when one of the boys, much smaller than he was, went up to him and told him not to grieve, for he would jump down in his stead, if the rest of the boys would accept of that, and give the credit of having done it to the one who was hurt. This they agreed to do, and the little fellow jumped down from the height twice, once for himself and once for his play-mate.

The leap was a dangerous one, and the boys should not have been playing there at all, for their parents would not have given them leave if they had known.

Now, we wish our young readers never to go where their parents would refuse consent to their going; and never to play at anything that their parents think is not right for them to play at. But the kindness of the little boy who volunteered to jump for his playmate, made them fast friends for life, for it was never forgotten.

When you are rushing down a steep incline with your sleds, on the white snow that covers the earth during winter, in this country, avoid hurting one another; be careful not to strike anybody who might happen to get in the way with your sled, and be kind and good-natured with each other. In playing at any kind of exercise, try and do so in such a manner as to obtain benefit without injury from it. And do not use bad words, nor naughty expressions, nor be rude to your playmates or to any person.

Boys can engage in play, and derive benefit from it; but if they play roughly and hurt each other, or call each other liars, and use bad and filthy language, they are doing that which is displeasing to our Father in heaven, and to all good people on the earth; and they are acquiring habits that will make misery for them and bring disgrace upon them in after years.

THE FROGS ASKING FOR A KING.—In the days of old, when the Frogs were all at liberty in the lakes, and had grown quite weary of following every one his own devices, they assembled one day together, and with no little clamor petitioned Jupiter to let them have a King to keep them in better order, and make them lead honest lives. Jupiter, knowing the vanity of their hearts, smiled at their request, and threw down a Log into the lake, which by the splash and commotion it made, sent the whole commonwealth into the greatest terror and amazement. They rushed under the water into the mud, and dared not come within ten leaps' length of where it lay. At length one Frog bolder than the rest ventured to pop his head above the water, and take a survey of their new King at a respectful distance. Presently, when they perceived the Log lie stock-still, others began to swim up to it and around it; till by degrees, growing bolder and bolder, they at last leaped upon it, and treated it with the greatest contempt. Dissatisfied with so tame a ruler, they forthwith petitioned Jupiter a second time for another and more active King. Upon which he sent them a Stork, who no sooner arrived among them than he began laying hold of them and devouring them one by one as fast as he could, and it was in vain that they endeavored to escape from him. Then they sent Mercurry with a private message to Jupiter, beseeching him that he would take pity on them once more; but Jupiter replied, that they were only suffering the punishment due to their folly, and that another time they would learn to let well alone, and not be dissatisfied with their natural condition.—*Aesop's Fables*.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.
(CONTINUED.)

ON Sunday, March 27th, 1836, the various quorums of the priesthood, and the people met in the House of the Lord for the purpose of dedicating it. The stands in the West and East ends of the House were filled by the quorums and the presidents for which they were intended, and the people numbering as near as could be calculated between nine and ten hundred, were then seated. Even then there was a large number left out, for whom room could not be found. The proceedings during that day were most interesting to all concerned. The power of God was poured out mightily, and the Saints rejoiced with a joy which cannot be described.

After singing and prayer, and the delivery of a discourse by Sidney Rigdon, each quorum was called upon to manifest their willingness to acknowledge Joseph as a Prophet and Seer and to uphold him as such. This all the quorums, as well as the entire congregation, cheerfully complied with. After an intermission of twenty minutes, the services of the day were resumed, and Joseph made a short address, and called upon the several quorums and all the congregation to acknowledge the Presidency as Prophets and Seers and to uphold them as such. He then called upon them to acknowledge the Twelve Apostles, as Prophets, Seers and Revelators, and special witnesses to all the nations of the earth, holding the keys of the Kingdom to open it, or cause it to be done, to them. All the other quorums were in like manner presented, and in like manner sustained. Then followed the dedicatory prayer, which was offered by Joseph, and which the several quorums and the congregation were asked separately if they accepted, and acknowledged the house dedicated; to which, in every instance, they responded that they did. The Lord's supper was then administered, after which, Joseph and several of the Elders bore testimony, among others President Brigham Young spoke in tongues. The proceedings of the day were sealed by the shouting of Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna to God and the Lamb, three times, sealing it each time with, Amen, Amen, and Amen.

In the evening Joseph again met with the quorums. He gave the Elders instructions respecting the Spirit of prophecy, and called upon them to speak and not to fear, and the Spirit of prophecy should rest down upon them. Brother George A. Smith arose and began to prophesy when a noise was heard like the sound of a rushing, mighty wind, which filled the Temple, and all the congregation simultaneously arose, being moved upon by an invisible power. Many began to speak in tongues and prophecy; others saw glorious visions, and Joseph beheld that the Temple was filled with angels, and told the congregation so. The people of the neighborhood, hearing an unusual sound within the Temple, and seeing a bright light like a pillar of fire resting upon it, came running together, and were astonished at what was transpiring.

On Tuesday, March 29th, 1836, the First Presidency and some others met in the House of the Lord, and were commanded to remain there all night. They were told that they must cleanse their feet and partake of the sacrament that they might be made holy before the Lord, and thereby be qualified to officiate in their calling, upon the morrow, in washing the feet of the Presidents. This they did, and after attending to those ordinances they continued prophesying and giving glory to God.

The next day, Joseph and the leading Elders, with all the official members of that stake of Zion, met in the Temple of the Lord to attend to the ordinance of washing of feet. The Presidency washed the feet of the Presidents of the several quorums. Many prophecies and blessings were pronounced and sealed with Hosanna and Amen. The enemies of Christ were not forgotten, and many predictions were there uttered

respecting them that have since been fulfilled upon their heads. These labors occupied the time from eight in the morning until seven in the evening. Then bread and wine were brought in, (for all had fasted through the day,) and Joseph and his Counselors blessed the bread and gave it to the Twelve and they to the brethren present.

Joseph afterwards gave much instruction, saying, among other things, that he had now completed the organization of the Church, and they had passed through all the necessary ceremonies they were prepared to receive; and for the present he had given them all the instruction they needed, and they were now at liberty, after obtaining their licenses, to go forth and build up the Kingdom of God. Himself and the rest of the Presidency then retired, having been up all the preceding night, and left the meeting in charge of the Twelve. The entire night was occupied in exhorting, prophesying and speaking in tongues. The Savior made his appearance to some, while angels ministered to others.

These were times long to be remembered. As Joseph said: it was a pentecost and an endowment indeed; and the occurrences of that day should be handed down, upon the pages of sacred history, to all generations. As the day of Pentecost, so shall this day, said he, be numbered and celebrated as a year of Jubilee and time of rejoicing to the Saints of the Most High God.

The endowment of the Elders caused the work of God to take a mighty stride, and from that time the preaching of the gospel took a much wider range.

The next day, March 31st, 1836, was occupied in performing the ceremonies of the dedication of the House of the Lord for the benefit of those who could not get into the House the previous Sabbath.

For the Juvenile Instructor.
SKETCHES FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON.BATTLES BETWEEN LAMANITES AND NEPHITES—
KORIHL STRUCK DUMB.

AFTER the people of Ammon had settled in the land of Jershon, and the Nephites had placed their armies between them and the Lamanites, the latter invaded the land of Jershon with their forces, and a most terrible battle ensued between them and the Nephites, in which many thousands were slain on both sides, and the Lamanites were defeated and driven out of the land. This was a time of great mourning among the people of Nephi, fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, sorrowing and weeping for their sons, husbands and brothers who had been killed in battle; still they were consoled with the thought that they had died in a good cause, and that their spirits would be happy until the resurrection, when they would again enjoy the society of their wives and families in a more glorious and happy state. But the Lamanites had no such hope; they were wicked while they lived, and died fighting against God and his people; consequently, they were miserable and wicked in the spirit as they had been in the body.

After this there was general peace and union among all the Nephites and those who were associated with them for nearly two years, until a man named Korihor arose, who went about among the people teaching them that there was no God and there never would be any such person as Jesus Christ, and that it was only foolishness for them to pray and try to be so good, until, by his flattering words he caused many to forget God, forsake the truth and commit many wicked things. The good people brought this bad man before Alma, who reproved him for his great wickedness and talked to him for a long while to try to persuade him to repent. But he would not repent, and he also said he would not believe that there was a God unless Alma could show him a sign. So, as nothing but a sign would satisfy him, Alma said unto him, "In the name of God ye shall be struck dumb," and immediately Korihor was struck dumb so that he never could speak again. And he had to go from house to house, begging his bread, until one day he got among a crowd of people and in the crush was knocked down and trodden to death. Thus, we see, wicked people generally come to a bad end.

About this time Alma received word that the peo-

ple called Zoramites had fallen into many great errors and had become very wicked. These Zoramites had once been good Nephites, but had been led away by a bad man named Zoram, who gathered all his followers together and settled them in a land called Antionum, which was a part of the land belonging to the Nephites. They were also still under the jurisdiction, or government, of the Chief Judge of the Nephites, but were a proud, corrupt and hard-hearted set of people. Now as preaching the truth had done so much good among the Lamanites, Alma thought he would try it among the Zoramites. He therefore took two of his sons, also Ammon, Aaron and Omner, Amulek and Zeezom, with him and went to preach the gospel among the Zoramites. They were again greatly blessed of the Lord in their labors as they had been among the Lamanites, and were successful in bringing many to the knowledge of the truth, and to know and love God as their father and their friend. But all those who believed in the words of Alma and his brethren were driven from their homes and from the land, by the wicked Zoramites, and they went over into the land of Jershon, where they were received very kindly by the Ammonites, who provided them with homes, food and clothing, and gave them the land to cultivate. This made the Zoramites who remained in the land of Antionum very angry, so they united with the Lamanites to make war upon the Nephites and all who joined them. The leader of the armies of the Lamanites, and the apostates who had joined them, was called Zerahemah, and the general of the armies of the Nephites was a young man, 25 years old, named Moroni, who loved the Lord and obeyed his commandments. Moroni and Zerahemah, with their armies, met in the land of Antionum and had a terrible battle, in which the Lamanites were again defeated with great slaughter, and the remainder entered into a covenant of peace with the Nephites. Moroni, however, did not boast of what he had done, as a wicked man would have done, but both he and his army and all the Nephites gave all the honor to God, for they knew that it was by His power that they had been delivered out of the hands of their enemies, and they gave thanks to Him and worshiped Him with great joy.

Very soon after this, Alma, having instructed and blessed his sons and exhorted them to be faithful in keeping the commandments of the Lord, left them, as though he were going on a visit to another part of the country, and was never heard of again, and no one knew whether he was taken up by the Spirit of the Lord like Elijah, or died and was buried by the hand of the Lord, as Moses was supposed to have been.

— EARN a dollar, before you spend it. —

For the Juvenile Instructor.
CHARADE.

BY MISS BELLE WHITNEY.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 3, 14, 15, 16, 2, is the name of a range of mountains.

My 9, 7, 9, 5, 4, is the name of a sacred book.

My 8, 10, 19, is the name of a month.

My 1, 15, 17, 10, is the name of a female.

My 6, 7, 16, 18, is the name of a plaything.

My 13, 15, 11, 12, 7, 10, 8, 16, 18, 11, 12, is the name of a hero of Switzerland.

My whole is the name of a man who once held an honorable position in this church.

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